

# Cracks

*by* Tim G. Young

the cracks in the concrete look like  
rivers or highways crossing  
from the air but only a few feet  
below me,  
a couple of beers, a patty melt  
and the night turns 80 degrees  
Imagine the traffic and the water  
rushing  
wide, fast, and slow,  
so the fan blows, my mind goes  
and my son helps me to see a thought explode  
Standing on the banks and the  
shoulder,  
Stranded in the flow  
of the horizon shining like a street light  
wanting to go,  
the traffic makes a woeful sound  
but trapped in time  
like an insect in amber.

